And nowe father he prayeth you to come to the lande
With all your kynne vnto the nynth degre
And there shall you haue all thynge at your hande
With a good wyll quod Jacob thyder wyll we
To shyp they wente in all the haste that myght be
And shortly landed in Egypte the kyngdome
Joseph was glad whan he herde they were come.

At the laste they met Joseph in Pharaos hall
There he welcomed his father & Rachell his mother
So for to wasshe to meate/for water he dyd call
Jacob toke ỹ lauer in one hand & the bason i the other
And Rachell in her hande a fayre towell dyd beare
And so to their sonne it helde for to wasshe his handes
Nay nat so quod Joseph/this nat with reason stãdes

Than at the table his father he dyd set
With his mother Rachell/and many other mo
Their.xii.sonnes there serued them of meate
On his dreme Joseph thought tho
Howe that he out of Israhell dyd go
So whan they had eten thus he gan sayne
Nowe are my dremes true that I had in dotayne.

Nowe doth the sonne & the mone bowe to my hande
And the.xi.sterres that in my dreme I dyd se
With sheues of whete thorough out the lande
Nowe in dede they do folowe me

Of chepe and catell they had plente
With gotes/ asses/ and camels full their grounde
Their kynred encreased about them rounde
Tyll it befell at laste that all thynge shall haue ende
God his messanger deth vnto them dyd sende.

Nowe ye that shall this boke se and rede
Do nat thynke that it is contryued of any fable
For it is the very byble in dede
Wherin our feythe is grounded full stable
Nowe god gyue vs grace that we may be able
By merpte of his passyon to heuen assende
For of this matter here I make an ende.

¶ Here endeth Jacob and his twelue sonnes. Imprinted at London in fletestrete by Rychard Pynson prynter vnto the kynges noble grace.

Deu a diggon. God, & inough.
Het Deu, het dim. Without God, without.

1615.

Thyn god, thyn all.
Jamisyn thyn Hesp.

...gayne them dyd stande
And yet at the laste an hauen they fande
The chapman ledde Joseph with a rope in the strets
Hym for to bye came many a lorde great.

Knyghtes and ladyes came fat that chylde to se
With many great men of Pharos lande
It was talked abrode that he was so goodly
And whan ỳ pharaos stewarde that dyd vnderstande
He asked ỳ chylde that to the chapman was bande
If he wolde be his man and dwell with hym
Than Joseph answered I wyll be at your byddynge.

The stewarde to the chapman an. C. pounde payde
Of lytell Joseph that of face was bryght
I haue lost no money than the marchaunte sayde
yet for his beauty he is worthe of golde his weyght
And euery body that of Joseph had a syght

Let vs se money
And as for the boye shall go
With all my herte sayd the chapman
He layed the pens in their handes shortly
And thought ỹ he had made a good dayes tourney
So toke his leue and wente his waye
But Joseph weped and wayled euery daye.

Nowe god helpe poore Joseph for yonge was he solde
All his bretherne therof were glad in their mode
Nyght drewe on faste homewarde they wolde
Their mete cloth they besprange all with gotes blode
Jacob theyr father in his doore stode
Why come ye home so sone he to them dyd saye
They answered that they eate nor dranke to daye.

Jacob sayd I sente Joseph to you longe before none
With meate/breed/and drynke good plenty
They sayd father homwarde as we dyd come
This meate clothe here we founde all blody